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into a pipe of feathers, and stuck there like a bird of prey that was caught in a pigeon house. Sir William Brereton got in after him, and shouted out "St. George, St. George!" whereat one of the guards awakening, observed Captain Holland floundering in the feather barrel, and fired at him, but the flying about of the feathers marred his aim, and he fell himself by the hands of the assailants. Sir William Brereton soon advanced his standard on the top of the turret; the stronghold was won—the garrison put to the sword—all except two singing men who prostrating themselves before the Deputy, warbled a sweet sonnet called *dulcis amica*, and their melody saved their lives.

The spoil and plunder of the castle was immense, for being well appointed with all warlike munition, it was accounted the best furnished house belonging to any subject in the king's dominions.

Parese expecting some great reward, with impudent familiarity presented himself before the Deputy, who addressed him as follows: "Master Parese thou hast certainly saved our lord the king much charge, and many of his subjects' lives, but that I may better know to advise his highness how to reward thee, I would ascertain what the lord Thomas Fitzgerald hath done for thee?" Parese highly elevated at this discourse, recounted even to the most minute circumstance all the favours that the Geraldine, even from his youth up, had conferred on him. To which the Deputy replied, "and how Parese couldst thou find it in thy heart to betray the castle of so kind a lord? Here, Mr. Treasurer, pay down the money that he has covenanted for—and here also executioner, without delay as soon as the money is counted out, chop off his head!" "Oh, (quoth Parese) had I known this, your lordship should not have had the castle so easily." Whereupon one Mr. Boice, a secret friend of the Fitzgerald, a bystander, cried out, "Auntraugh," i. e. "too late, which occasioned a proverbial saying, long afterwards used in Ireland—"too late quoth Boice." In the mean while Fitzgerald had got together, by the assistance of O'Connor, a considerable army, but his troops finding the stronghold taken, shortly after deserted, and though with considerable activity, great personal bravery, and no small mental resources, he shewed himself a dangerous Guerrilla enemy, and held possession of one of the strongest counties for such a warfare in Ireland, yet eventually he was induced to surrender to the new Lord deputy, lord Grey, and rode in amicable guise side by side with him, into Dublin; some writers say that lord Grey, before the Geraldine surrendered, promised him the King's pardon. Others assert, that he gave himself up unconditionally—the result was, he was forwarded along with his uncles to England, through which he travelled as if under no accusation; but on their approach to Windsor, they were arrested as prisoners, and on February 3d, 1539, were all hanged at Tyburn. It is right to mention that Lord Thomas became Earl of Kildare before his execution—for his fathers hearing of his misfortunes, died in the Tower, prior to his son's surrender, of a broken heart.

Before we conclude this narrative of the Geraldine, we must give the reader some account of the last male branch of the family, Gerald, who at the period of the catastrophe of his brother, his uncles and his father, was a boy of ten years of age, and had been luckily committed to the care and tuition of a good and faithful ecclesiastic, Thomas Leverhouse, afterwards Bishop of Kildare—he, on the apprehension of the uncles, took the boy in his arms, though in the full fever of the small pox, and wrapping him up warm, had him conveyed in a cleeve or basket into the fastnesses of Ophaly, and on his recovery carried him off to the county of Cork, to the Lady Elinor Fitzgerald, the widow of Mc Carty Riagh. She soon afterwards marrying O'Donnel of Tyrconnell, made it an article of her marriage settlement, that the northern chieftain should protect the Geraldine, which he faithfully promised but they were not a year in Ulster until he entered into a treaty with the Lord Deputy, to deliver up the boy, whereupon she shipped him off privately from Donegal to France, and when he was safe off, and provided with all the money she could procure, she then upbraided O'Donnel with his treachery, and told him "that nothing but the preservation of her nephew could have prevailed on her to marry such a clownish curmudgeon." Then, as he had acted as a false traitor, she would stay with him no longer; and she kept her word, for he never saw her more.

The young Geraldine did not remain long in France, for Henry being at peace with Francis I., claimed his subject, so he had to fly into Flanders, and from thence to Italy, where

he came under the protection of his kinsman Cardinal Pole; who it appears reared him well, and he did credit to his birth and education; for he did valiantly against the Turks in the service of the Knights of Malta, and became master of horse to the Duke of Tuscany. In this honorable service, as he was hunting in company with the Cardinal Farnese, he fell into a pit 60 feet deep, and had the good fortune, when within a few feet of the bottom, to catch some bushes, and gently descend on his horse, which lay dead at the bottom; here he stood for many hours up to his middle in water, and must have perished, had not his grifhound, missing his master, scented him to the pit, and then fell a howling, until the people attracted by the dog, came, and with a rope and basket drew him out. On the death of Henry VIII. he returned in disguise to England in the train of a foreign ambassador, and being at a ball, his finished manners, and beautiful person, captivated Mabel, the daughter of Sir Anthony Brown, Knight of the Garter, and marrying her, interest was made with the young monarch, who liberally restored him to his honours and estates.

TARA'S HALL.

In the library of Trinity College, Dublin, there is preserved the fragment of an ancient Irish MS. which contains a description of the Banqueting Hall of Tamar or Tara, which is very curious. It states, "That the palace of Tamar was formerly the seat of Con, of the hundred battles; it was the seat of Art, and of Cairbre Liffeachar, and of Cathor Mor, and of every king who ruled in Tamar, to the time of Niall.

"In the reign of Cormac, the palace of Tamar was nine hundred feet square; the diameter of the surrounding rath, seven diu, or casts of a dart; it contained one hundred and fifty apartments, one hundred and fifty dormitories, or sleeping rooms for guards, and sixty men in each; the height was twenty-seven eubits; there were one hundred and fifty common drinking horns, twelve porches, twelve doors, and one thousand guests daily, besides princes, orators, and men of science, engravers of gold and silver, carvers, modellers, and nobles.

The eating hall had "twelve stalls, or divisions, in each wing, tables and passages round them; sixteen attendants on each side, eight to the astrologers, historians, and secretaries, in the rere of the hall, and two to each table at the door; one hundred guests in all; two oxen, two sheep, and two hogs, at each meal divided equally to each side."

The quantities of meat and butter that were daily consumed here, surpasses all description; there were twenty-seven kitchens, and nine cisterns for washing hands and feet, a ceremony not dispensed with from the highest to the lowest.

The harp that once through TARA's halls

The soul of music shed,

Now hangs as mute on TARA's walls

As if that soul were fled.

So sleeps the pride of former days,

So glory's thrill is o'er,

And hearts, that once beat high for praise,

Now feel that pulse no more!

No more to chiefs and ladies bright

The harp of TARA swells;

The chord, alone, that breaks at night,

Its tale of ruin tells.

Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,

The only throb she gives,

Is when some heart indignant breaks,

To shew that still she lives.

Moore's Irish Melodies.

PRACTICAL ADVICE TO IRISHMEN.

One complaint against Irishmen is, that they are *unstable* and *proud*. It is commonly said, "you cannot trust an Irishman." Why? Simply from this circumstance—that Irishmen are warm and lively in their temperament—in other words, *volatile*. Now, this springs from—from what? Is it from the climate, from the soil, or from what? Why, our countrymen have not been *educated* to restrain themselves. Mark what we say. We refer all the differences between Irishmen and others to *education*—and that may be corrected. But if, in saying that an Irishman cannot be trusted, it is meant to be said, that he is unstable in his friendships, unstable in the performance of his moral duties, unstable in all those things which render him worthy of confidence, many